SMALL CRAFT

C. FOX SMITH

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SONGS IN SAIL. *Second Thousand*
SAILOR TOWN: SEA SONGS AND BALLADS
THE NAVAL CROWN: BALLADS AND SONGS
FIGHTING MEN

SMALL CRAFT

BY

C. FOX SMITH

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NOTE

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Small Craft

WHEN Drake sailed out from Devon to break King
Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and little ones beside,
" Revenge " was there and " Lion," and others known to
fame,
And likewise he had Small Craft (which hadn't any
name !).

Small Craft—Small Craft—to harry and to flout 'em !
Small Craft—Small Craft—you cannot do without 'em !
Their deeds are unrecorded, their names are never seen,
But we know that there were Small Craft—because there
must have been !

When Nelson was blockading for three long years and
more,
With many a bluff first-rater and oaken " Seventy-four,"
To share the fun and fighting, the good chance and the
bad,
Oh, he had also Small Craft—because he must have had !

Upon the skirts of battle from Sluys to Trafalgar
We know that there were Small Craft—because there always are!
Yacht, sweeper, sloop and drifter—to-day as yesterday
The big ships fight the battles—but the Small Craft clear the way!

They scout before the squadrons when mighty fleets engage;
They glean War's dreadful harvest when the fight has ceased to rage;
Too great they count no hazard, no task beyond their power;
And merchantmen bless Small Craft a hundred times an hour!

In Admirals' despatches their names are seldom heard,
They justify their being by more than written word;
In battle, toil and tempest, and dangers manifold,
The doughty deeds of Small Craft will never all be told.

Scant ease and scantier leisure—they take no heed of these,
For men lie hard in Small Craft when storm is on the seas;
A long watch and a weary from dawn to set of sun—
The men who serve in Small Craft, their work is never done.

And if, as chance may have it, some bitter day they lie
Out-classed, out-gunned, out-numbered, with nought to do but die,
When the last gun's out of action, good-bye to ship and crew—
But men die hard in Small Craft, as they will always do!

Oh, Death comes once to each man, and the game it pays for all,
And Duty is but Duty, in great ship and in small,
And it will not vex their slumbers, or make less sweet their rest,
Though there's never a big black headline for Small Craft going west.

Great ships and mighty captains—to these their meed of praise
For patience, skill and daring, and loud victorious days,—
To every man his portion, as is both right and fair,
But oh! forget not Small Craft, for they have done their share.

Small Craft—Small Craft—from Scapa Flow to Dover;
Small Craft—Small Craft—all the wide world over;
At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo, mine and shell—
All honour be to Small Craft, for oh! they've earned it well!

A Ballad of Old and New

As I went down through Portsmouth Town, with my bundle in my hand,
I met a chap in a pigtail rig, just newly come to land;
I met a fellow of an old-style build, with a look both bold and free,—
With varnished hat and buckled shoes, like the men of the Old Navee.

"What news, what news, young fellow," he said, "of rigging loft and yard;
What ships are new, and what are built this year at Buckler's Hard?
And is the cry 'More frigates' still, as I mind it used to be?
Do England's oaks build ships this day like the ships of the Old Navee?

"And when these things you've answered all, why, then, lad, tell me true,
Who stands this day where Nelson stood (if any so may do),

What prizes late our Fleet has won, what victories
gained at sea;
Does England hold what she fought for of old, in the
days of the Old Navee?"

* * * * * *

"By Tyne and Clyde and Merseyside our ships lie keel
by keel,
And a man must stop his ears to hear the hammers on
the steel;
By Buckler's Hard nought now you hear but song of
bird and tree,
But the ships of grey will be first in the fray like the
ships of the Old Navee.

"Dogger and Bight and Falklands fight, and one or two
beside,
And Jutland Bank shall one day rank with the names of
Nelson's pride;
But that's a tale is all too hard for simple lads like me,—
Not word, but deed, is the sailor's creed, as it was in
the Old Navee.

"But when the time for deeds is come, we've fighting
lads a few,
Can hit and hold, both swift and bold, the same's they
used to do,
Can hunt the pirate submarine from broad and narrow sea,
And strike the raider in his lair as they did in the Old
Navee.

"So let the Navy have her fling, she'll show in the Navy's way
Our frontier is the foeman's shore, to-day as yesterday:
For the fights that are fought on blue water will win or lose the sea,
As it was when Hawke and Nelson sailed in the ships of the Old Navee.

"And all we ask is to finish our task some day with a free sky o'er us,
A day fair and fine, with a clear skyline, and a foe that will stand before us:
We've a man from Wexford that we know full well for as good as any may be,
And the bulldog grip that never lets slip, as it was in the Old Navee!"

As I went down through Portsmouth Town, a cold rain falling fast,
I saw the flap of old "Victory's" flag, where she dreams of victories past,
And this was the word the salt wind bore that blew from the English sea:
"Be it steam or sail, you weather the gale by the New as the Old Navee!"

Squareheads

" I NEVER did 'ave no use for Germans " (said Bill the
bosun to me,
As he sat on the after hatchway coaming, smoking and
drinking his tea);
" Never did 'ave no use for square'eads, sonny, an' that's
the truth,
Since I went to sea in the old 'Lord Clive,' back there
in the days o' my youth.

" Danes I 'ave knowed, an' Swedes I 'ave knowed, as
was white men through and through,
Norwegian—nigger—yeller an' brown—an' hard-case
citizens too:
I've sailed in my time with most o' the brands, Dago,
Dutchman, and Finn,
But never a decent shipmate yet did I strike in a German
skin.

" Never the feller a man 'd choose to be with in a watch
together,
Never the feller you'd like to know was around in the
worst o' weather,

Never the chap as you'd want by your side when caught aback in a gale,
Or layin' aloft in your shirt, maybe, off the Plate there shortenin' sail.

" All very well for a harbour job they are, as I make no doubt,
Or 'andin' plates in a restorong, or sweepin' the cuddy out ;
But I never did 'ave no use for the beggars, though why I can 'ardly say,
An' I always used to 'ammer 'em good, which I'm glad to 'ave done to-day !

* * * * * *

" An' I wish I may lie where the lost ships lie that never mounted a gun,
Them as was raked with shrapnel fire—they could neither fight nor run ;
Them as spread the sea with their dead when the day was sunny and fine,
Or went down slow as the dark come on, with their guts ripped out by a mine.

" I wish I may lie where them ships lie, the little ships an' big,
Liner an' tank an' leaky tramp, barge an' schooner an' brig,

The smacks an' Frenchy onion boats, an' the poor crews they bore,
Murdered in sight of open day by square'eads makin' war!

"I wish I may lie where them ships lie, an' no more sail the sea,
An' drink the drink them dead men drank, poor sailor-men like me,—
So let me drink if I forget, an' so for ever lie,
If ever I ship with square'eads more until the day I die.

"An' if ever I take a German's pay again, in steam or sail,
Or 'andle German cargo more, baulk or barrel or bale,
If ever I put a finger o' mine on stuff a German owns,
Or 'elp to fill a German till with workin' o' my bones,

"If ever I risk this life o' mine, as I 'ave done before,
To bring some Bremen merchant 'ome 'is nitrates or 'is ore,
I wish I may dream o' nothin' but sinkin' ships an' drownin' men,
An' wake out o' the dream, an' sleep, an' dream it all again,—

"Dead bodies liftin' on the swell,—strong seamen once like me,—
An' fellers wounded, freezin' to death in open boats at sea,—

Babies, an' girls with long wet hair, an' mothers mad
with woe,
The devil's job—the square'eads' job—I seen it an' I
know!

"I never did 'ave no use for Germans—an' when this
war is done,
There may be those that will forget—well, I shall not
be one!
And by them ships I pass my word—an' by them souls
I swear—
There'll be 'ot times in sailor-town when I meet a
square'ead there!"

The North Atlantic Trade

As I was walking beside the docks I met a pal of mine
I sailed with once on the Colonies run in Thomson's White Star Line;
Said I: "What cheer—what brings you here?"—"Why, 'aven't you 'eard," he said.
"I'm under the Windsor 'ouse flag now in the North Atlantic trade.
We sweep a bit an' we fight a bit (an' that's what we like the best),
But a towin' job or a salvage job, it all goes in wi' the rest;
When we aren't too busy upsettin' old Fritz an' his frightfulness blockade,
A bit of all sorts don't come amiss in the North Atlantic trade."

"And how does old Atlantic look?" "Oh, round an' about the same;
'E 'asn't seemed to alter a lot since I've been in the game;
'E's about as big as 'e always was, an' 'e's pretty well just as wet
(Or if there's some parts drier 'n the rest, well, I 'aven't struck none yet!)

There's the same old bust-up, same old mess when a green sea breaks inboard,
An' the equinoctials roarin' by the same as they've always roared;
An' the west wind playin' the same old larks 'e's been at since the world was made,
They've a peach of a time, 'ave sailormen in the North Atlantic trade."

"And who's your skipper and what is he like?" "Oh, well, if you want to know,
I'm sailin' under a hard-case mate as I sailed with years ago;
He's big an' bucko an' full o' beans, the same as he used to be
When I knowed 'im last in the windbag days when first I followed the sea.
'E was worth two men at the lee fore brace, an' three at the bunt of a sail,
'E'd a voice you could 'ear to the royal yards in the teeth of a Cape 'Orn gale;
But now 'e's a full-blown lootenant an' wears the twisted braid,
Commandin' one of 'is Majesty's ships in the North Atlantic trade."

"And what is the ship you're sailin' in?"—"Oh she's a bit of a terror,
She ain't no bloomin' levvyathan, an' that's no fatal error;

She scoops the seas like a gravy spoon when the winds
are up an' blowin',
But Fritz he loves 'er above a bit when 'er fightin' fangs
are showin'!
The liners go their 'aughty way, and the cruisers take
their ease,
But where would they be if it wasn't for us, with the
water up to our knees?
We're wadin' when their soles are wet, we're swimmin'
when they wade,—
Oh, I tell you small craft gets it a treat in the North
Atlantic trade."

"And what is the port you're plyin' to?"—"When the
last long trick is done
There'll some come back to the old 'ome port—'ere's
'opin' I'll be one!—
But some'll 'ave made a new landfall an' sighted another
shore,
An' it ain't no use to watch for them, for they won't come
'ome no more:
There ain't no 'arbour dues to pay when once they're
over the bar,
Moored bow an' stern in a quiet berth where the lost
three-deckers are:
An' there's Nelson 'oldin' 'is one 'and out, an' welcomin'
them that's made
The roads o' Glory an' the port o' Death in the North
Atlantic trade."

Gerrans Churchtown

The spire at Gerrans Churchtown, it stands up bold and high,
It stands above the harbour and sees the ships go by;
It sees the long tides breaking from the Gull to Lizard Head,
The blue-lights and the searchlights, the living and the dead.

The lads of Gerrans Churchtown, a roving breed are they,
With their mothers' milk they tasted the salt wind and the spray;
The sea was first their playmate, he licked their feet with foam,
The lads of Gerrans Churchtown that could not bide at home.

The lads of Gerrans Churchtown, they're where they're wanted now,
They cleave their fathers' furrow, their grandsires' field they plough,—
A field of many acres from Scapa Flow to Nore,—
And the old men pull the lifeboat, and the young lads watch the shore.

And will they come at long last? . . . Ay, surely they will come,
Some day—a day to dream of—that brings the Grand Fleet home—
From peril, toil and glory, and battles overpast,
The bells of Gerrans Churchtown shall ring them home at last.

Will all then come together? . . . . Not those whose hearts are still
In a wider green God's-acre than lies on Gerrans hill;
It's a brighter sun they look on than sets in yonder West,
And a sweeter bell than Gerrans' has rung them to their rest.

Admiral Dugout

He had done with fleets and squadrons, with the restless, roaming seas,
He had found the quiet haven he desired,
And he lay there to his moorings with the dignity and ease
Most becoming to Rear-Admirals (retired).
He was reared 'mid "Spit and Polish," he was bred to "stick and string"—
All the things the ultra-moderns never name;
But a wind blew up to seaward, and it meant the Real Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it came.

So he hied him up to London, for to hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon and late;
He importuned night and morning, he bombarded great and small,
From messengers to Ministers of State.

ADMIRAL DUGOUT

He was like a guilty conscience, he was like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you can't get rid,
Till the Powers that Be, despairing, in a fit of temper said,
"For the Lord's sake give him something"—and they did!

They commissioned him a trawler with a high and raking bow,
Black and workmanlike as any pirate craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and aft.
And he blessed the Lord his Maker when he faced the North Sea sprays,
And exceedingly extolled his lucky star,
That had given his youth renewal in the evening of his days,
(With the rank of Captain Dugout, R.N.R.)

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his heart,
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where a kitten couldn't swing,
And a scent of fish that simply won't depart).
He has found upon occasion sundry targets for his guns,
He could tell you tales of mine and submarine;
Oh the holes he's in and out of, and the glorious risks he runs
Turn his son (who's in a Super-Dreadnought) green.

He is fit as any fiddle, he is hearty, hale and tanned,
He is proof against the coldest gales that blow,
He has never felt so lively since he got his first command,
(Which is rather more than forty years ago).
And of all the joyful picnics of his wild and wandering youth,
Little dust-ups 'tween Taku and Zanzibar,
There was none to match the picnic, he declares in sober sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout, R.N.R.

"Ships that Pass":
An Episode of the Cruiser Patrol

THERE are ships that pass in the night-time, some poet has told us how,
But a ship that passed in the day-time is the one I'm thinking of now,
Where the seas roll green from the Arctic and the wind comes keen from the Pole,
'Tween Rockall Bank and the Shetlands, up North on the long patrol.

We sighted her one day early; the forenoon watch was begun,
There was mist like wool on the water, and a glimpse of a pale cold sun,
And she came through the dim grey weather—a thing of wonder and gleam,
From the port o' the Past on a bowline, close-hauled on a wind of dream.

The rust of years was upon her—she was weathered
by many a gale—
The flag of a Dago republic went up to her peak at our
hail;
But I knew her—Lord God! I knew her, as how could
I help but know
The ship that I served my time in, no matter how long ago!

I'd have climbed to her royals blindfold, I'd have known
her spars in a crowd;
Aloft and alow, I knew her, brace and halliard and
shroud—
From the scroll-work under her stern-ports to the paint
on her figure-head—
And the shout 'All hands' on her maindeck would have
tumbled me up from the dead.

She moved like a queen on the water, with the grace
that was hers of yore,
The sun on her shining canvas—what had she to do
with war,
With a world that is full of trouble and seas that are
stained with crime?
She came like a dream remembered, dreamt once in a
happier time.

She was youth, and its sorrow that passes—the light, the
laughter, the joy,
The South, and the small white cities, and the care-free
heart of a boy,

The farewell flash of the Fastnet to light you the whole world round,
And the hoot of the tug at parting—and the song of the homeward bound.

The sun, and the flying-fish weather—night, and a fiddle's tune—
And palms, and the warm maize-yellow of a low West Indian moon—
Storm in the high South latitudes—and the boom of a Trade-filled sail—
And the anchor watch in the tropics, and the old Sou' Spainer's tale.

Was it the lap of the wave I heard or the chill wind's cry,
Or a snatch of a deep-sea chantey I knew in the years gone by?
Was it the whine of the gear in the sheaves, or the sea-gulls' call,
Or the ghost of my shipmates' voices, tallying on to the fall?

* * * *

I went through her papers duly—and no one, I hope, could see
A freight of the years departed was the cargo she bore for me!
I talked with her Dago captain while we searched her for contraband,
And . . . I longed for one grip of her wheel-spokes like a grip of a friend's right hand.

And I watched while her helm went over, and the sails were sheeted home,
And under her moving forefoot the bubbles broke into foam,
Till she faded from sight in the greyness—a thing of wonder and gleam,
For the port of the Past on a bowline—closehauled on a wind of dream!

"Let Her Go!": A Tramp Chantey

'Er keel was laid in 'Seventy-four
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
They built 'er cheap, an' they scamped 'er sore,
'Er rivets was putty, 'er plates was poor.
An' then come in the Plimsoll line,
Or I wouldn't be singin' this song o' mine
(Let 'er go!)

She was cranky an' foul, she was stubborn an' slow
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
An' she shipped it green when it come on to blow;
'Er crews was starved, an' the pay was low,
An' 'er bloomin' owners was ready to faint
At a scrape o' pitch or a penn'orth o' paint
(Let 'er go!)

But she's been 'ere, an' she's been there
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
An' she's been almost everywhere;
An' wherever you went you'd sure see *'er*,

"LET HER GO!"

With 'er rust-red hawse an' 'er battered old funnel,
All muck an' dirt from 'er keel to 'er gun'le
(Let 'er go!)

She's earned 'er keep in a number o' climes
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
She's changed 'er name a number o' times
Which won't fit right into these 'ere rhymes;
But the name of 'er now is the "Sound o' Mull"—
Built on the Tyne an' sails out of 'Ull—
(Let 'er go!)

'Er keel was laid in 'Seventy-four
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
An' a breaker's price was 'er price before
The ships was scarce an' the freights did soar;
But she's fetched 'er fourteen pound a ton
On the Baltic Exchange since the war begun
(Let 'er go!)

So she's doin' 'er bit, which we all must do
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
An' whether she's old or whether she's new
Don't make much odds to a war-time crew;
An' 'ooever's sunk, or 'ooever's drowned,
The "Sound o' Mull" keeps plugging around
(Let 'er go!)

"LET HER GO!"

An' when she goes, by night or by day,
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
Either up or down, as she likely may,
I only 'ope as somebody'll say:
"'Er keel was laid in 'Seventy-four,
She done 'er best, and she couldn't do more;
She warn't no swell, an' she warn't no beauty,
But she come by 'er end in the way of 'er duty
(Let 'er go!)"

Captain Paul Jones

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, he hailed from
the Solway shore,
But he struck a snag with his folks at home, as many
have done before ;
He shook the old land's dust from his feet, and he gave
her a piece of his mind,
But he never knew that he'd somehow left a bit of his
heart behind.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a skipper of fame, and a darned
good sailorman too,
And a bit of a bucko, as I've heard tell, in the way he
handled his crew :
He learned 'em to drill and he learned 'em to shoot and
to jump at the word o' command,
The same as he knew how they learned 'em to do in the
ships of his native land.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, though he
changed his flag and his name,
In his " Ranger " frigate he led us a dance, but we
honour him all the same ;

We used to call him a pirate then, and he certainly
wasn't our friend,
But he sailed and he fought as a Britisher ought, which
is what matters most in the end.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, which is why,
now the time has come,
He knows the tug of the Solway tide, and the rattle of
Drake's old drum;
He is back to the sea in the old, old way, a sailorman
smart and bold,
And the flag o' the "Ranger" is flying to-day by the
flag that she fought of old.

"In Prize"

A SHIP was built in Glasgow, and oh, she looked a daisy—
(Just the way that some ships do!)
An' the only thing against 'er was she allus steered so crazy
(An' it's true, my Johnnie Bowline, true!)

They sent 'er out in ballast to Oregon for lumber,
An' before she dropped 'er pilot she all but lost 'er number.

They sold 'er into Norway because she steered so funny,
An' she nearly went to glory before they drawed the money.

They sold 'er out o' Norway—they sold 'er into Chile,
An' Chile got a bargain because she steered so silly.

They chartered 'er to Germans with a bunch o' greasers forrard;
Old shellbacks wouldn't touch 'er because she steered so 'orrid.

She set a course for Bremen with contraband inside 'er,
An' she might 'ave got there sometime if a cruiser 'adn't
spied 'er.

She nearly drowned the boarders because she cut such
capers,
But they found she was a German through inspectin'
of her papers.

So they put a crew on board 'er, which was both right
an' lawful,
An' the prize crew 'ad a picnic because she steered so
awful.

But they brought 'er into Kirkwall, an' then they said,
"Lord lumme
If I ever see an 'ooker as steered so kind o' rummy!"

But she'll fetch her price at auction, for oh, she looks a
daisy
(Just the way that some ships do!)
An' the chap as tops the biddin' won't know she steers
so crazy
(But it's true, my Johnnie Bowline, true!)

The Fighting Merchantman

As I looked over the water—as I looked over the foam,
I saw an old-time packet-ship come cheerily plunging home;
I saw the holes in her riddled sails, and the shine of a little brass gun
On either side of her battered poop in the light of the westering sun.

I hailed her over the water, I hailed her over the tide:
"What news of war down Channel, what news from the ocean wide?"
And from her shadowy bulwarks a shadowy voice replied:
"Oh, homeward from the Indies bound, abeam of Tuskar light,
We met a saucy privateer—she bade us strike or fight;
And we sent her home with a pain in her ribs, and her maintopmast shot down,
To l'arn her to meddle with his Majesty's mails, bound home to Falmouth town!"

(Frigate or sloop or chasse-marée, let 'em bang us if they can,
They will maybe find not much to their mind in a fighting merchantman !)

As I looked over the water, as I looked over the foam,
I there did see a ship's longboat come wearily labouring home ;
I saw the crew bend to their oars, like tired men they rowed,
As gunwale deep in the sunset tide she wallowed with her load.

I hailed her over the water, I hailed her over the tide :
" What news of war down Channel, what news from the ocean wide ? "
And in her stern sheets standing, a bull-voiced mate replied :
" Oh, homeward bound from the River Plate, abeam of Tuskar light,
We met a pirate submarine at the coming on of night,
She knew her game was safe to play, as safe 'twill be again
When the game is not with fighting craft, but peaceful merchantmen.

" They raked us first with shrapnel fire above deck and below,
They slipped a tin-fish into our bilge and left us sinking slow ;

We left our skipper on the bridge with a bullet in his
head ;
We've our wounded here in the boat's bottom, and
most by now are dead.

"Our foes, they say, when war is done, shall pay us ton
for ton ;
But better now is shot for shot and gun to answer gun ;
Give England's ships their fighting chance—then let
him catch who can,
He will maybe find not much to his mind in a fighting
merchantman ! "

Billy's Yarn

"Oo seen her off?" . . .
"Me," says the tide,
"I 'ad to, for why, there was no one beside;
For sailor-folks' women, they're busy enough,
'Thout 'angin' round pier-'eads to see their chaps off.
The gulls all about 'er they wrangled an' cried,
An' I seen 'er off," says the Liverpool tide.

"Oo waved 'er good-bye?" . . .
"Me," says old Tuskar,
"When the sun it went down an' the light it got dusker,
(With a sea gettin' up an' the wind blowin' keen),
An' the smoke of 'er funnels could 'ardly be seen,
An' the last of the sunset was red in the sky . . .
With the first of my flashes I waved 'er good-bye."

"Oo seen 'er sink?" . . .
"Me," says the sun,
"At the top o' my climbin' I seen the thing done . . .
I seen 'er 'eave to, an' I seen 'er 'ull shiver,
Settle, an' stumble, an' tremble, an' quiver,

An' 'er stern it went up, an' 'er bow it went down,
An' the most of 'er people they just 'ad to drown,
An' I'd never a cloud for to shut out the sight,
So I seen 'er sink," says the sun in 'is might.

"Oo seen the last of 'er?" . . .
"Us," says the crew,
All that was left out o' twenty-and-two,
"We seen the last of 'er—floatin' around
On a bottom-up boat among dead uns an' drowned—
We seen 'er waterways runnin' with blood—
We seen poor mates of ours shot where they stood—
But them chaps as done it, I tell you now true,
They ain't seen the last of us yet," says the crew,
"No, you bet your sweet life," says what's left o' the crew.

Philosophy

"LAST night in the Baltic Tavern tap
I met," Mike said, "a longshore chap
As said, 'Don't sailorin' look queer
With all them mines an' suchlike gear?
If I was you,' 'e says, says 'e,
'I'd take a shore job same as me,
An' leave this trouble that's around
For them that's fond o' gettin' drowned.'

"'No, no,' I says, 'I ain't a-givin'
It up for any square'ead livin',
The way I puts it in my 'ead
Is—no man's done until 'e's dead,
An' if it comes to dyin', sure,
A man dies once, an' then no more.'

"I says, 'When ships 'as left off goin',
An' grass on London docks is growin',
(The same's it is, so I've 'eard say,
On all them 'Amburg wharves this day),
When Lloyd's is broke an' on their uppers,
An' all the owners in the scuppers,
Why, then,' I says, 'I might be lookin'
For a job o' cartin' coals, or cookin',

Or washin' pots, or sellin' tapes,
Or leadin' bears, or learnin' apes,
But since, as I 'ear tell, so far
There's ships still passin' Mersey Bar,
An' one or two comes in each day
To London Docks, so I've 'eard say,
An' ships can't sail without no crew,—
So long as they sail, I sail too.

" ' If you, young man, 'ad follered the sea
Your 'ole life long, the same as me,
'Ad knowed it wakin' an' asleep,
An' seen God's wonders in the deep,
I guess you'd not be rattled much
By mines or submarines or such,
Or care a bloomin' finger snap
For no fool Kaiser or such chap. . . .

" ' Besides,' I says, ' when all is said,
Just think o' them poor chaps that's dead—
Poor pals o' mine as 'ad to die—
They took their chances . . . so do I !' "

The Ballad of the Only Love

Oh have you been to the Rio Grande, or yet in 'Frisco town,
Or west away in Mobile Bay where they roll the cotton down?
Oh have you been in any place where sailors come from sea,
And saw you there my only love that sends no word to me?

Oh does he walk with a yaller gal forgetting to be true,
Or drink with pals in sailor-town as many sailors do?
Does he with strangers fill his glass and to them sing his song,
And never think of his only love—
His only love, his only love—
And never think of his own true love that waits for him so long?

"Yes, I have seen your only love, and spoke with him also,
And it wasn't very far away nor very long ago;
He said 'Oh tell my gal at home to forget me if she can
And she'd better get another love that ain't a sailorman.'

" But he doesn't walk with no yaller gal, I tell you straight and plain,
And there's never a pal in sailor-town 'll drink with him again;
We buried him out of an open boat a hundred miles from shore,
And you'd better get another love—
Another love, another love—
Oh you'd better get another love, for he'll come home no more.

" Our ship was sunk in the light of day, as plenty more have been,
In the North Atlantic homeward bound by a pirate submarine,
And we was drifting many a day and food and drink had none,
When a cruiser picked us up at last at the rising o' the sun.

" Your man was first to go, poor chap, he was crazed-like in his head,
Along o' drinking sea-water, for all the captain said.
' I'll marry my lass with a ring,' he'd say, ' when I get in from sea,
And she shall be my only love—
My only love, my only love—
Oh she shall be my own dear love, for I know that she loves me.' "

THE BALLAD OF THE ONLY LOVE

Oh cold, cold are the Atlantic deeps, and very wide the sea,
With all its weight of stormy waves between my love and me ;
And wide and deep the tide o' time a-rolling year on year,
But there'll be no parting after death for us that loved so dear.

Oh many a sailor will come home, and many a ship from sea,
But never a ship on any tide will bring my lad to me,
And the long, long days they'll come and go, and the lonely years pass by,
But I will keep my only love—
My only love, my only love—
Oh I will keep my only love until the day I die !

The Ballad of the "Dinkinbar"

It was the steamship "Dinkinbar,"
From the Gulf of Mexico
For Liverpool in time of war
With a thousand mules below,
And a bunch of polyglot muleteers
To tend on them also.

A swarthy breed from Eagle Butte,
And a greaser from Brazil,
And Daly of the broken nose,
And Ike, and Texas Bill,

In divers tongues that yarned and swore
And wrangled o'er their play,
As they dealt their decks of greasy cards
To pass the hours away,

And talked of how to burn good pay
And play the blooming fool
Among the wenches and the sharks
In the port of Liverpool.

But Texas Bill a bitter laugh
He'd laugh and shake his head :
"It's me for a new style jamboree
When I strike land," he said.

"My brother lies in deep water
Not over far from here,
Where a U-boat sank both ship and men,
A bit beyond Cape Clear.

"They left him to drown with his drownin' mules
In the light of open day,
An' I guess I'll not sleep easy o' nights
While that score's yet to pay.

"So I'm goin' in for a khaki suit
When I get in from sea,
I kin shift my birthplace north o' the line
As handy as kin be,
An' . . . I guess there'll sure be a fightin' job
For a big long thing like me !"

* * * *

It was the steamship "Dinkinbar,"
At the stormy end o' the year
That came in sight of the Bull and Cow
Which are beside Cape Clear.

And soon as rang the lookout's cry
That hailed the sight of land,

Oh they were aware of a U-boat there
That signalled them to stand.

She fired a shot across their hawse
And they had to heave to then,
For she could make her fifteen knots,
And the "Dinkinbar" but ten,
And she had her machine gun ready to fire
On all but unarmed men.

Her captain he came over the side,
A cold-eyed swaggering Hun
That wore the Iron Cross on his breast
To tell of murders done,—

And his squarehead crew brought up their bombs
To send the ship below
With the poor living things she bore
That knew not friend from foe.

It was a British ship of war
Was swiftly drawing near,
For she had word of a submarine
Was lurking off Cape Clear.

She came from the South with a bone in her mouth,
Her shot sang over the sea,
And straight for the pirate's conning tower
It sped like a hiving bee,

It struck—it smashed it like a shell—
That down like a stone went she.

Then the pirate captain ran to the rail
To signal to his crew,
But all he saw was a smear of oil
On the water's face that grew.

And first he swore and gnawed his lip,
And glanced around in fear,
Till a thought came into his mind again
That brought him better cheer.

"Are not the English easy folk
With pirates ta'en in war?
And my luck is good that safe I stand
On the deck of the 'Dinkinbar.'"

He turned—he saw the muleteers
Come surging from below,
(Like a rustlers' crowd you see on the screen
At a moving picture show).

And once he looked on Texas Bill,
And then he turned and ran,
For the look he saw it was not good
To see on the face of man.

Then in and out among the boats,
By hatch and alleyway,
Hunter and hunted, to and fro
In deadly chase sped they.

And through the engine-room where stilled
Was now the engine's clang,
On steel ladder and steel grating
Their footsteps slipped and rang,

Till in the screw shaft's stifling dark,
With spent and gasping breath
The U-boat's captain turned at last
To pay his dues to death. . . .

And twice Bill lifted his hand to strike,
And twice he turned aside,
But his brother's blood it called so loud
It would not be denied,
And down in the dark (like those he slew)
The U-boat's captain died.

The cruiser's boat came under the side,
They hailed her with a cheer,
And Texas Bill looked over the rail
And called both loud and clear,
"Come up, come up, now, Lootenant,
But you'll find no prisoner here.

"For Texas law is life for life
Alike in peace and war,
And life for life has paid this day
On board o' the 'Dinkinbar.'"

Good Luck

The hour was near for starting
Ere Vimy ridge was won,
And we said "Good luck" at parting
As we had often done
In folly, sport or fun.

(For love and pride and passion
With speech accord but ill,
And if we had skill to fashion
Brave words to speak our fill,
We should be speaking still).

All dreams men strive and sigh for,
Or lose beyond recall,
The things men live and die for,
The great things and the small—
Our "Good luck" meant them all.

"To each his dear ambition
As unto each seems best,
Love's crown or fate's fruition,
The fame, the medalled breast . . .
And to the dead their rest!"

The Defaulter

THE regimental jackdaw 'as a bright an' beady eye ;
'E sits upon the tent-pole an' 'e winks both bold an' sly :
'E says : "You bloomin' idiot, you, to go an' get C.B. ! "
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me !

The regimental jackdaw, 'e is like a bloomin' lord,
'E 'ops it when 'e thinks 'e will, an' no one speaks a word :
'E takes 'is 'ook without no pass, 'e don't come 'ome to tea,
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me !

The regimental jackdaw, 'e can always speak 'is mind :
'E tells the Colonel what 'e thinks when thus 'e feels inclined,
'E sauces of the Adjutant as 'andy as can be,
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me !

The regimental jackdaw, 'e's the jolliest thing I've seen,
'E 'as no pack to carry an' 'e 'as no 'ipe to clean,
'E's breakin' rules the 'ole day long an' never gets C.B.—
An' I wish I was the jackdaw, an' I wish that 'e was me!

The Little Things

I USED to be a peaceful chap as didn't ask for trouble,
An' as for rows an' fightin', why, I'd mostly rather not,
But now I'd charge an army single-'anded at the double,
An' it's all along o' little things I've learned to feel so 'ot.

It's 'orrid seein' burnin' farms, which I 'ave often seen 'ere,
An' fields all stinks an' shell-'oles, an' the dead among the flowers,
But the thing I've 'ated seein' all the bloomin' time I've been 'ere
Is the little gardens rooted up—the same as might be ours.

It's bad to see the chattos—which means castles—gone to ruins,
An' big cathedrals knocked to bits as used to look that fine,
But what puts me in a paddy more than all them sort o' doin's
Is the little 'ouses all in 'eaps—the same as might be mine.

An' when the what's-it line is bust an' we go rompin' through it,
An' knock the lid off Potsdam an' the Kayser off 'is throne,
Why, what'll get our monkey up an' give us 'eart to do it?
Just thinkin' o' them little things as might have been our own,
(An' most of all the little kids as might 'ave been our own!)

A Declaration of War

THIS is the yarn that M'Larty told by the brazier fire,
Where over the mud-filled trenches the star-shells blaze and expire—
A yarn he swore was a true one; but Mac was an awful liar.

"'Way up in the wild North country, a couple of years ago,
I hauled Hank out of a snowdrift—it was maybe thirty 'below'—
And I packed him home to my shanty, and I took and thawed him with snow.

"He was stiff as a cold-store bullock, I might have left him for dead,
But I packed him along, as I've told you, and melted him out instead,
And I rolled him up in my blankets and put him to sleep in my bed.

"So he dwelt in my humble shanty while the wintry gales did roar,
While the blizzards howled in the passes and the timber wolves at the door,
And he slept in my bunk at night-time while I stretched out on the floor.

"He watched me frying my bacon, and he said that the smell was grand,
He watched me bucking the stove-wood, but he never lent me a hand,
And he played on my concertina the airs of his native land.

"And one month grew into two months, and two months grew into three;
And there he was sitting and smiling like a blooming Old Man of the Sea,
Eating my pork and beans up, and necking my whiskey and tea.

"You say, 'Why didn't I shift him'?—For the life of me I dunno,
I suppose there's something inside me that can't tell a fellow to go
I hauled by the heels from a snowdrift at maybe thirty 'below'.

"But at last when the snows were going, and the blue
spring skies were pale,
Out after bear in the valley, I met a chap on the
trail,
A chap coming up from the city, who stopped and told
me a tale.

"A tale of murders and hold-ups all over the land and
sea,
And when he was through I was laughing, for the joke
of it seemed to be
Hank's folks had been acting that way while Hank was
rooming with me.

"So off I hiked to the shanty, and never a word I
said,
I floated in like a cyclone, I yanked him out of my
bed,
And I grabbed the concertina and I smashed it over his
head.

"I shook him up for a minute, I stood him down on the
floor,
I grabbed the scruff of his trousers and I ran him along
to the door,
And I said, 'This here, if you get me, is a Declaration
of War!'

"And I gave him a hoist with my gum-boot, a kind of a lift with my toe,
But you can't give a fellow a hiding, as anyone sure must know,
You hauled by the heels from a snowdrift at maybe thirty 'below'."

Market Day

As I rode on the limber
Through the old French market-square,
There were bricks and fallen timber
And shell-holes everywhere.

The place was blank as Sunday,
But something seemed to say:
"To-day is surely Monday,
And Monday's market day.

"Oh, all along the by-road
That goes by Three Maids Down,
And the long, straight Roman high-road,
They're driving in to town.

"They drive the colt in the gig now
I'd just begun to ride,
And the setter pup's grown big now,
And maybe runs beside.

"The gentry use 'The Garter,'
  The farmers use 'The Plough,'
And the rest 'The Jolly Carter,'
  Or else the old 'Brown Cow.'

"There are crowds o' horses baiting—
  There's one in every stall—
And the carriers' carts stand waiting
  Outside the Market Hall.

"There's a fellow selling halters,
  And another hawking cloam
For nothing ever alters
  On market day at home."

Oh, I'll shake a leg and go there,
  When leave comes round once more,
And all the folks I know there
  Will stand in every door.

And, strolling down the street there,
  On the sunny side o' the way,
There's a lass I'll maybe meet there
  At home on market day.

The Song of the Mill

As by the pool I wandered that lies so clear and still
With tall old trees about it, hard by the silent mill
Whose ancient oaken timbers no longer creak and groan
With roar of wheel and water, and grind of stone on stone,

The idle mill-race slumbered beneath the mouldering wheel,
The pale March sunlight gilded no motes of floating meal,
But the stream went singing onward, went singing by the weir—
And this, or something like it, was the song I seemed to hear :—

"By Teviot, Tees and Avon, by Esk and Ure and Tweed,
Here's many a trusty henchman would rally to your need;

By Itchen, Test and Waveney, by Tamar, Trent and Ouse,
Here's many a loyal servant will help you if you choose.

"Do they no longer need us who needed us of yore?
We stood not still aforetime when England marched to war;
Like those our wind-driven brothers, far seen o'er weald and fen,
We ground the wheat and barley to feed stout Englishmen.

"You call the men of England, their strength, their toil, their gold,
But us you have not summoned, who served your sires of old;
For service high or humble, for tribute great and small,
You call them and they answer—but us you do not call.

"Yet we no hoarded fuel of mine or well require,
That drives your fleets to battle or lights the poor man's fire;
We need no white-hot furnace for tending night and day,
No power of harnessed lightnings to speed us on our way.

"By Tavy, Dart and Derwent, by Wharfe and Usk and Nidd,
Here's many a trusty vassal is yours when you shall bid,
With the strength of English rivers to push the wheels along,
And the roar of many a mill-race to join the victory song."

The Five Ricks

Five ricks in a row
Stand in my father's field, I know,
Five ricks beside the hedge
That marks the long field's topmost edge . . .
There they stand ; from there you see
Coppice, cottage, field and tree,
The shining vane on the church steeple,
And houses full of decent people
I've known since I was a little chap,
Good folks that sometimes say, mayhap,
" I wonder, now, what young Jim's doin'
Out there in all that noise and ruin ". . .

Five ricks in a row
Stand in my father's field, I know,
And over them there's a blue sky
Where small white clouds go floating high,
Like shell-bursts round a battle-plane . . .
But night'll come and the light'll wane,
Bats'll flit, and not a sound
Be heard in all the fields around,

But a hunting owl, and a little breeze
That makes a rustling in the trees.
And by the ricks and round about
The lean grey rats slip in and out,
Here and there on every hand,
Like snipers out in No Man's Land.

If times was what times used to be,
What sport there for old Vick and me!
The same old girl, the same old dear,
That's been my pal now many a year,
Since first I bought her, one Spring fair,
A six weeks' pup from a gipsy there . . .
But now she's growing old and grey
At home, and I am far away,
And there ain't no games for her, I reckon,
Though the night seems just about to beckon
For little dogs to hunt their fill
Of rats and such-like things to kill;
And so Vick shakes herself, and sighs,
Turns three times round and down she lies,
And stretches out before the blaze
Her old rheumatic bones, and lays
Between her paws her grizzled head
And torn ears, waiting for my tread.

Bullington

It was in the high midsummer, and the sun was shining strong,
And the lane was rather flinty, and the lane was rather long,
When—up and down the gentle hills beside the stripling Test—
I chanced to come to Bullington and stayed a while to rest.

It was drowned in peace and quiet, as the river reeds are drowned
In the water clear as crystal, flowing by with scarce a sound,
And the air was like a posy with the sweet haymaking smells,
And the roses and Sweet Williams and Canterbury Bells.

Far away as some strange planet seemed the old world's dust and din,
And the trout in sun-warmed shallows hardly seemed to stir a fin;

And there's never a clock to tell you how the hurrying
world goes on
In the little ivied steeple down in drowsy Bullington.

Small and sleepy, there it nestled, seeming far from
hastening Time
As a teeny-tiny village in some quaint old nursery
rhyme;
And a teeny-tiny river by a teeny-tiny weir
Sang a teeny-tiny ditty that I stayed awhile to hear.

"Oh the stream runs to the river, and the river to the
sea,
But the reedy banks of Bullington are good enough for
me;
Oh the lane runs to the highway, and the highway o'er
the down,
But it's better here in Bullington than there in London
town."

Then high above an aeroplane in humming flight went
by,
With the droning of its engines filling all the cloudless
sky,
And like the booming of a knell across that perfect day
There came the guns' dull thunder from the ranges far
away.

And while I lay and listened, oh the river's sleepy tune
Seemed to change its rippling music, like the cuckoo's
stave in June;

And the cannon's distant thunder, and the engine's war-
like drone
Seemed to mingle with its burthen in a solemn under-
tone.

"Oh the stream runs to the river, and the river to the
sea,
And there's war on land and water, and there's work for
you and me!
And on many a field of glory there are gallant lives laid
down
As well for tiny Bullington as mighty London town!"

So I roused me from my daydream, for I knew the song
spoke true
That it isn't time for dreaming while there's duty still to
do;
And I turned into the highway where it meets the flinty
lane,
And the world of wars and sorrows was about me once
again.

The Gipsy Soldier

THE gipsy wife came to my door with pegs and brooms
to sell
They make by many a roadside fire and many a green-
wood dell,
With bee-skeps and with baskets wove of osier, rush and
sedge,
And withies from the river-bed and brambles from the
hedge.

With her stately grace like Pharaoh's queen (for all her
broken shoon),
You'd marvel one so proud and tall should ever ask a
boon;
But "livin's dear for us poor folk," and "money can't
be had,"
And "her man's in Mespotania," and "times is cruel
bad."

Yes, times is cruel bad, we know, and passing strange
also,
And it's strange as anything I've heard that gipsy men
should go

To lands through which their forebears trod from some unknown abode
The way that ended long ago upon the Portsmouth Road.

I wonder if the Eastern skies and Eastern odours seem
Familiar to that gipsy man as memories of a dream;
Does Tigris' flow stir ancient dreams from immemorial rest
Ere ever gipsy poached the trout of Itchen or of Test?

Does something in him seem to know those red and arid lands
Where dust of ancient cities sleeps beneath the drifted sands?
Do Kurdish girls with lustrous eyes beneath their drooping lids
And Eastern babes look strangely like the Missis and the kids?

I wonder if the waving palms, when desert winds do blow,
In their dry rustling seem to sing a song he used to know,
Or does he only curse the heat, and wish that he were laid
Beneath the spread of Rufus' oaks or Harewood's beechen shade?

Well, luck be with the gipsy man, and lead him safely
home
To the old familiar caravan and ways he used to roam,
And bring him, as it brought his sires from their far first
abode
To where the gipsy camp-fires burn along the Ports-
mouth Road.

The Jolly Bargeman

I've put the old mare's tail in plaits—now ain't she
lookin' gay,
With ribbons in 'er mane likewise, you'd think it First
o' May;
For why? we're under Government, though it ain't quite
plain to me
If we're in the Civil Service or the Admiralitee!

An' it's "Gee hup, Mabel," an' we'll do the best we're
able,
For the country's took us over an' we're 'elpin' 'er to
win,
An' when the war is over, oh we'll all lie down in clover,
With a drink all together at the Navigation Inn!

I brought the news to Missis, an' to 'er these words did
say:
"Just chuck yon old broom-'andle an' a two-three nails
this way:
We're bound to 'ave a flag-staff for our old red, white
an' blue,
For now we're under Government we'll 'ave our ensign
too."

THE JOLLY BARGEMAN

The Navy is the Navy, an' it sails upon the sea,
The Army is the Army, an' on land it 'as to be ;
There's the land an' there's the water, an' the Cut comes
in between,
An' I don't know what they'll call me if it ain't an 'Orse
Marine.

The Missis sits upon the barge, the same's she used
to sit,
But they'll 'ave 'er in the papers now for Doin' of 'er
Bit :
An' I walk upon the tow-path 'ere as proud as anything,
If I 'aven't got no uniform, I'm serving of the King.

An' it's "Gee hup, Mabel," oh we'll do the best we're
able,
For the country's been an' called us, an' we've got to
'elp to win ;
An' when the war is over, then we'll all lie down in
clover,
With a drink all together at the Navigation Inn !

"New Heavens—New Earth": Christmas, 1916

NIGH Bethlehem town poor shepherds heard
Beside their cotes a wondrous word:
"Nowell, Nowell" (the song did pour),
"Nowell, Nowell, from shore to shore,
Nowell, Nowell, the whole world o'er,
New Heavens, new earth, for evermore!"

Is this, then, all—earth's countless dead,
Her homes whence Christmas joy is fled,
Such spilth of blood, such seas of tears—
The harvest of two thousand years?
And shall the War Star's blood-red light
Put out the Star of Bethlehem quite?
The cannon's thunder wholly drown
The Angels' song nigh Bethlehem town?

"Nowell, Nowell, from shore to shore,
For ever and for evermore!"

You Christmas bells, how shall you ring?
You Christmas choirs, how shall you sing,

When bells whose praise for centuries rung
To earth in molten heaps are flung,
And shrill the heedless bullet sings
By altars of the King of Kings,—
How shall you sing as oft of yore,

"Nowell, Nowell, the whole world o'er,
New Heaven, new earth, for evermore?"

Be still, O doubting heart, recall
How but through Death came Life for all;
The road was trod for you and me
From Bethlehem—even to Calvary:
The light which round the Manger shone
More glorious lit the rolled-back stone.

You hero souls, rejoicing bear
Your gold, your frankincense and myrrh;
More rich than gold, more sweet than spice
The fragrance of your sacrifice!
You mourners, lift your weeping eyes,
Look up, behold the rifted skies:
Lo, darkest night hath brightest morn,
The glory of a world re-born!
And all the molten bells shall ring,
And all the broken hearts shall sing,
And all the risen dead shall raise
With one accord their endless praise:

"Nowell, Nowell," (the song shall pour),
"Nowell, Nowell, from shore to shore,
New Heavens, new earth, the whole world o'er,
For ever, yea, for evermore!"

St. Andrew's Eve

THE last night of November
All dreaming as I lay,
I saw a fisher toiling
In stormy seas and grey,—

A glimmering seine-net casting
In foam as white as wool . . .
And sometimes it came empty,
And sometimes it came full.

The port that fisher hailed from
Was the port of Heaven above:
The shining net he cast there
Was the net of Christ His love.

That seine it shone like silver
Or the Milky Way come down . . .
And, oh! the catch he took there
Was the souls of those who drown.

Sea Songs and Ballads

By C. FOX SMITH

Royal 16mo. 1s. net each

SONGS IN SAIL **THE NAVAL CROWN**
SAILOR TOWN **FIGHTING MEN**

Some Press Notices

"No one, not even Mr. Masefield, has written finer sea ballads or come closer to the heart of those who go down to the great waters. In any anthology of the sea Miss Fox Smith's 'Ballad of the Matterhorn,' 'Bill the Dreamer,' 'The Last of the Sealing Fleet' and 'Rathlin Head' must occupy a high place."—*Spectator.*

"It is not likely that many lovers of sea-songs have missed the voice of Miss Fox Smith, but if they do not know her 'Songs in Sail' let them read 'Sailor Town'—the dancing colours and fresh scents of the harbour, the rush of sea and wind, the cheery pathos of the outward-bound, the sailor's homesickness—all this is carried on the rhythm of her verses with a vividness hardly equalled by any other verse writer of the day."—*Times.*

"Miss Fox Smith is one of the few people living who can write a real 'chanty' combining a mastery of sea-lingo with a perfect command of sea rhythms."—*Spectator.*

"These are the right stuff."—*Times.*

"Ballads and songs of the war, reeking of spindrift and spume, breezy and direct as those who go down to the sea in ships."—*Evening Standard.*

"Mr. C. Fox Smith must be congratulated on his dainty little volume of poems, 'The Naval Crown.' We remember how well we enjoyed the author's 'Sailor Town,' and can say that the enjoyment and high opinion we then formed of the author have been in no way lessened by the present volume."—*Nautical Magazine.*

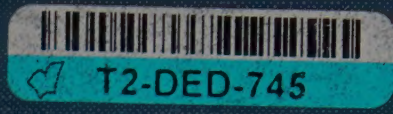
"The writer's vocabulary of sea phrases is striking and characteristic; the technicalities proclaim a real sea lover, and the tone and colour are only excelled by the lilt of the verses."—*Navy.*

"Miss Fox Smith's naval verse . . . shows here, as in her former collection, her exceptional metier for apt metrical celebration of the spirit, the humour or the pathos of war and of the fighting man."—*Times.*

"An excellent little collection of ballads referring to various phases of the war, some of which our readers have doubtless made the acquaintance of in the pages of 'Punch.' The 'Rhyme of the Inisfail' . . . is the gem, and an excellent one, of the collection. The author has a capital vein of humour."—*Syren.*

"The sea songs have the breath and the sound and the motion of the waters in them."—*Manchester City News.*

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET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